

THE WASHINGTONIAN.

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Strictly Tee-total, and Exclusive of all Matters of a Political or Sectarian Character, and of all Advertisements of Intoxicating-drink-selling Establishments.

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column or half column, will be accommodated at the
lowest rates.

POETICAL FOUNT.
"Here Nature's minstrels quaff inspiring draughts."
From the Columbian Magazine.
OH! WEAR FOR ME NO SABLE HUE.
—
BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.
Oh! wear for me no sable hue,
No garb of blazon'd grief—when I
Shall bid this gladness earth adieu,
And fling my spirit's garments by!

Nor mark the spot with urn or stone,
Where worthless dust unconscious lies;
Within your loving hearts alone,
The monument I ask, should rise!

And shed for me no bitter tear,
Nor breathe my name in mournful tone;
Your smiles 'twas mine to waken here,
And I would think them still my own!

Nor link my image with regret—
A pleasant memory I would be;
To consecrate and brighten yet
The scenes that once were dear to me!

Ah! why should tears bedew the sod
Where some beloved one's ashes rest?
The soul rejoiceth near its God,
And can ye mourn that spirit blest?

Then weep not for the loved one fled
To realms more pure—a home more fair;
And call not the departed dead!
She lives—she loves—she waits you there.

SAFETY-BONDS.
"The pledge tee total has its millions sav'd."

GENERAL PLEDGE.
We promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks,
and to discontinue the cause and practice of
Intemperance.

**PLEDGE OF THE JUVENILE COLD WATER
ARMY OF THE DISTRICT.**
This youthful band
Do with our hand,
The pledge now sign
To drink no wine,
Nor Brandy red
To turn the head,
Nor Whiskey hot
That makes the sot,
Nor fiery Rum
To turn our home
Into a Hell,
Where none could dwell—
Whence peace would fly,
Where hope would die,
And love expire
Mid such a fire;
So here we pledge uncaring hate,
To all that can intoxicate.

PLEDGE OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
I, without reserve, solemnly pledge my honor as a
man, that I will neither make, buy, sell, nor use as a beverage,
any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine, or Cider.

**PLEDGE OF THE UNITED BROTHERS OF
TEMPERANCE.**
No brother shall make, buy, sell, or use, as a beverage,
any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider.

BAD THINGS.—An unfaithful lover, a dirty
cook, a smoky house, a perpetual scold, an
aching tooth, an undutiful child, an improvident
servant, an intemperate parent, husband,
or wife, an incessant talker, a first rate appetite
and nothing to eat, a hog that breaks
through enclosures, a dull shaving razor, bugs
in a bed-chamber, and a dandy.

TRUE.—You may talk of the bonds of affection,
the ties of friendship, and all that, says
Krantz, but I know of no stronger attachment
than that which a sheriff entertains for a poor
debtor who can't fork up.

Who are laboring most zealously, faithfully,
actively, and efficiently, the rum-sellers in a
bad cause, or the teetotalers in a good one?

Magnanimity and courage are inseparable.
He who shows a want of magnanimity toward
his opponent, may be put down a coward,
and regarded as afraid of him.

Those great actions whose lustre dazzles
us, are represented by politicians as the effects
of deep design; whereas they are commonly
the effects of caprice and fashion.

Where there is emulation, there will be
vanity; where there is vanity, there will be
folly.

"I'd have you know, Mrs. Staker, that my
uncle was a bannister of the law."
"A fig for your bannister," retorted Mrs.
Grub, turning up her nose and putting her arms
akimbo, "havin't I a cousin as is a corridor in
the navy?"

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves
the happiest when others share with them
in their happiness.

Different Forms.—An old lady said her husband
was very fond of peaches, and that was
his only fault.
"Fault, madam?" said one, "how can you
call that a fault?"
"Why, because there are different ways of
eating them. My husband takes them in the
form of Brandy!"

POPULAR SELECTIONS.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."
From the Kentucky Intelligencer.
THE BROKEN PLEDGE.

A TALE OF TRUTH.
The friendships formed in our early youth,
leaves, usually, the most abiding influence upon
our minds, and we feel a far deeper interest
in the welfare, and more poignant sorrow at
the ruin of the friends of our childhood, than of
those into whose society we are thrown in the
succeeding portions of our earthly pilgrimage.
Such were the feelings entertained by the writer,
at the sad career of Henry G. Possessed
of a high order of intellect, rare personal beauty,
and an amiable and affectionate disposition;
universally beloved, and surrounded with all
the advantages which wealth and fashion
could bestow, none seemed more likely to
spend life pleasantly than he. But it is well
Divine Providence has cast a veil over the future,
and hidden from mortal man his destiny.
Were it otherwise, how many should we see
whose youth is cloudless as a summer's morn,
to whose future career is reserved the thick
and murky cloud, the fierce tempest, and the
wasting tornado; whose sun sets ere it reaches
its meridian, and no ray of light pierces the
thick veil of darkness which hides it from
mortal vision! How many, on the other hand,
whose cradle has been rocked by the winds,
and on whose infant heads the tempest has
wreaked its fury, find the evening of life calm
and serene, and its last hours lit up by a resplendence
so holy and pure, that it seems like
a reflection of the glorious of a second Eden!

But to return to our narrative. Henry, as he
approached the age of manhood, evinced a
decided predilection for a nautical life; and his
father, who had followed the sea in early life,
offering no opposition to his wishes, he shipped
on board of one of the first class London pack-
ets, as a common seaman; and such was his
activity, intelligence, and amiable demeanor,
that he was rapidly promoted, and at the age
of twenty found himself first mate of a packet
ship of 800 tons burthen. Soon after his pro-
motion Henry's father died, and by his will
left him ten thousand dollars in money, be-
sides a large amount of real estate. Possessed
of so considerable a fortune, he resolved to
abandon nautical life, and live upon his income.
Hitherto he had maintained, under all circum-
stances, a strictly moral deportment, and was
regarded as a young man of unblemished char-
acter. But there was one weak point in his
disposition. He could not refuse the solicita-
tions of his companions, even when his better
judgment decided that they were in the wrong.
He yielded, although he protested against
their course. This proved his ruin.

Having in his new position much leisure,
time began to hang heavy on his hands, and
he soon formed the pernicious habit of taking
a social glass with his companions, to while
away the time. Gradually his potations be-
came more frequent and copious, and in two
years it was whispered that Henry G. was be-
coming very irregular in his habits.

Previous to relinquishing a seafaring life, he
had formed an attachment for Julia M., the
eldest daughter of a distinguished member of
Congress, residing at F., Henry's birth place.
This attachment, which had commenced at an
early age, was mutual, and had grown with
their growth, and gradually strengthened with
their increasing strength. It was with the ut-
most pain, therefore, that Julia observed in his
more recent visits Henry's face was flushed,
his steps unsteady, and manner constrained.
She was convinced of his intemperance, but
vainly hoped that others had not discovered it.
Soon, however, the evidences of his intem-
perate habits became too palpable to be mistaken.
He was seen on the public streets in a state
of intoxication; and finally, after reeling about
for some time, fell into the gutter, where he
lay helplessly drunk. Soon after, while in-
ebriated, he called at the house of Hon. Judge
M., the father of Julia. These circumstances
so much incensed Judge M., he forbade his
daughter to receive any further attentions
from Henry. Heart broken at this stern com-
mand, (for she had loved as only woman can
love, with an affection which no earthly power
could destroy or diminish,) yet not daring to
disobey her father's mandate, Julia determined
to attempt the reformation of her lover, hoping
that, his irregular habits having been aban-
doned, her father might consent to the renewal
of his visits.

It was the era of the Washingtonian reform,
and the hearts of the philanthropic beat high
with hope, as they saw the degraded and be-
sotted drunkard throwing off his fetters, and
breaking his allegiances to the destroyer, and
with his own hand signing that second Decla-
ration of Independence—the Washingtonian
Pledge. It seemed that the Millennium was
about to dawn on our benighted and sin-ridden
world, and the songs of the redeemed take the
place of the Bacchanalian shout, and the notes

of thanksgiving from hearts before bowed down
with sorrow, be substituted for the voice of
revelry. No change seemed so great—no re-
formation too wonderful; and there was not
wanting those who prophesied that ere long
Alcohol would be banished from our shores,
and we be freed from the curse, the wretched-
ness, and the misery of intemperance. But
experience has proved that these were too
sanguine; and that the car of reform, though
destined to eventual triumph, must move
slowly yet surely.

But to return. Julia attempted time and
again to bring her lover under the influence
of the Washingtonians, but in vain. He would
not listen to their arguments, nor be prevailed
on by their entreaties. "He could govern
himself," he said; "he knew when he had
taken enough; he did not drink for the love
of the liquor, but merely for the sake of being
social."

Undismayed by defeat in this attempt, Julia
resolved to change her mode of attack; and
accordingly, having drawn up a pledge of total
abstinence from all that can intoxicate, differ-
ing somewhat in its form from that used by
the Washingtonians, she solicited the aid of
her younger sister in attempting to persuade
him to sign it. Ellen M., one of the most
beautiful and gifted girls I ever knew, pos-
sessed that rare combination of energy, decision,
and prudence, which admirably fitted her for
this duty, and she entered upon it with zeal.
Seeking him at those seasons when he was
least under the influence of alcohol, she por-
trayed, in language of the most artless elo-
quence, and touching pathos, the consequences
of the course he was pursuing; the wretched-
ness he was bringing upon himself and his
friends, and her sister's anxiety in his behalf.
Anon she would change the subject, and paint
in vivid colors the happiness of the reformed,
the ease of reformation, and the bright hopes
of the future which awaited him. Poor Henry
at first refused to sign the pledge, but as she
continued to urge upon him its claims, his
stubborn heart relented, and brushing a tear-
drop hastily from his eye, he affixed his sig-
nature to the instrument with a trembling
hand.

Words cannot express the joy of Ellen M.,
at her success. She flew with eager haste to
her sister, and exhibiting the precious docu-
ment, exclaimed—"Tis done! 'tis done! Henry
is free!"

Julia could hardly trust the evidence of her
eyes as to the fact of the signature; but hav-
ing obtained from her sister even the minutest
details of her successful efforts, she seemed at
length to comprehend its truth, but the emo-
tion was too much for her feeble frame; she
fainted from excessive joy, and it was with
difficulty that animation was restored.

For eight weeks Henry kept the pledge most
solemnly. He remained at home, frequenting
no longer the house of dissipation, but devot-
ing his attention to the adorning and improv-
ing his estate, which had suffered from his
neglect. But he was not thus to escape from
the snare of the fowler. The fiend in human
shape, from whom he had formerly purchased
the poison, had missed him from his accus-
tomed haunts, and, indignant at losing so val-
uable a customer, had resolved to inveigle him
back to his old habits. For this purpose he
repaired to his house one morning early, and
proposed a fishing excursion. Henry consented,
and the two sauntered along the bank of
a beautiful stream, near the village, where
they angled for an hour or more with indiffer-
ent success, when the rum-seller pulling from
his pocket a flask of brandy, offered it to Hen-
ry, observing that he must be thirsty. Henry
declined, however, despite his repeated solici-
tations, and his own desire for the liquor; and
quenched his thirst from the brook.

Defeated, but not disheartened, T. resolved
to lay another stratagem. Accordingly he di-
rected his daughter to issue invitations for a
large party, and to invite Henry G. among the
guests. He furnished some choice wines for
the party, and instructed his daughter to per-
suade Henry to drink with her. Actuated by
the same diabolical spirit with her father,
she performed her part to perfection. She re-
quested Henry to take a glass of wine with
her, and when he respectfully declined, she
urged it strongly, and rallied him so much on
his want of gallantry, that he, who could never
bear ridicule, at last drained his glass. That
glass was his ruin! It roused his dormant thirst
for alcohol, and ere he left the house that
evening, he was intoxicated. The next morn-
ing early he was found at T.'s store, calling
for a morning dram, and the heartless wretch
smiled fiendishly at the success of his strat-
agem.

Numerous attempts were made to induce
Henry again to abandon his cups, but in vain.
He plunged deeper into dissipation, and at
length, some two years after, during a carousal
of more than ordinary duration, he was seized
with delirium tremens, and in a paroxysm of
the disease put an end to his own life.

In one corner of the grave-yard at F. may
be seen two graves, the one that of Henry G.,
the other that of Julia M. When all hope of
Henry's reformation had ceased, she began to
droop and wither like the flower smitten by
the breath of the tempest. Her disease had
already made fearful progress, when Henry's
death occurred, and in six short weeks after
that event, she, by her own request, was laid
by his side, the victim of consumption!

O ye, who by your magic smiles and frowns
rule the world, be warned by this simple but
true narrative, to wield your influence on the
side of temperance, and not, like the fabled
siren to lure, by your enchantments, the un-
wary to destruction!

From the Massachusetts Journal.
THE RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.
"Whose house is that with white capped
chimneys, black ashed windows, and a nice
little martin box, just an epitome of the State
House? It either belongs to a rich man with
snug ideas of an establishment, or to some
thriving carpenter. A man never built a house
so well unless it were for himself or for money."
"You have guessed right. It belongs to a
young carpenter, who has one of the most
capable, genteel wives in the world. In a
quick perception of beauty, and faculty for
tasteful arrangement, she is a trifle above him;
but in mind and character she is his equal; 'tis
a simple and natural superiority, never disturb-
ing the harmony of happiness. Her father was
an odd, ill-tempered man, who grew immedi-
ately rich by the sale of flour, and lost it all in
the payment of penalties incurred by his knavery.
His wife was a coarse, ignorant woman and a
termagant. Never was there a more singular
instance of superfluity of wealth united with
the most utter ignorance of its use. Mirrors
and chandeliers glittered in the parlor, while
the family ate with their domestics from one
common dish on the kitchen table; and artists
were paid twice the value of their portraits by
the people who requested to be taken in blue
attire. That their little daughter Susan should
have been gentle tempered is not surprising,
for the poor child had been frightened into
meekness; but why the scion of such a stock
should have been fair and graceful, it is difficult
to say. Yet so it was; and the prettiness and
timidity of the little creature attracted the at-
tention of a maternal uncle, who being a child-
less widower, fostered her with care and kind-
ness to which she had been totally unused.
When she was fourteen years old her uncle
died, leaving her a fortune of eight thousand
dollars, to be paid on her wedding day. About
this time her father was discovered in several
knavish practices, and began to tremble for his
ill-gotten wealth.

Worse than he dreaded came upon him; and
the fortune of his little daughter seemed all
that could save him from utter poverty. Des-
titute as these parents were of natural affec-
tion, it is not strange that they should resolve
to sacrifice the happiness of their child to their
own selfish views. Lest her eight thousand
should attract admirers, the poor child was
shut up in a chamber, and forbidden to read
any books, for fear they should fill her head full
of romantic notions. Fate, however, will some-
times over-rule the nicest calculations of a man.
Susan had a fine head of soft, glossy brown
hair, which she took much pleasure in arrang-
ing neatly. When she was about fifteen years
of age, it chanced she one day left her comb
in the parlor, and returned in haste to find it,
with her hair falling almost to her feet, like an
ample drapery of Persian silk. Young Mr.
Blanchard, the best carpenter in our village,
happened to be there, mending a door which
Mr. Cromwell had broken in one of his fits of
rage: he glanced at the blushing girl, as she
darted out of the room, and by way of flattering
the mother, observed, "Your daughter has beau-
tiful hair ma'am."

"Her hair is no concern of yours, that I
know of," replied the furious beldame. Human
nature is certainly strangely perverse, in some
cases. Had it not been for this uncivil answer,
the young man would probably never again
have thought of Susan Cromwell and her beau-
tiful hair; but now the thought just flitted
through his mind, how delightfully provoking
it would be, if he could get up an interest in
the heart of this harshly treated daughter.
There seemed, however, little prospect of his
obtaining opportunity; for Susan was kept
more closely than ever, and lest her hair should
again attract attention, her father tied her
hands behind her, while her mother shaved it
close to her head.

A year passed, and Mr. Blanchard saw
Susan only once; and that at her chamber
window. At the end of that time there was a
school established about a quarter of a mile
from their dwelling, in which lace working
was taught. Old Mrs. Cromwell had, as she
expressed herself, long "hankored arter a
white worked wail;" but it was contrary to all
her ideas of economy to give the price usually
asked at the stores. It was, therefore, agreed

that Susan should attend long enough to work
such an one as her mother desired.

To avoid danger, she was never allowed to
leave home until ten minutes before the school
commenced; a written account of the time she
arrived was once a week demanded from her
instructress, and the horsewhip faithfully ad-
ministered was the sure consequence of a tardy
return to her father's dwelling. How, with all
these restrictions, young Blanchard managed
to see her to inquire into the hardships of her
forlorn condition, and to offer her his protection,
is a mystery; but love is more potent than the
Yankees for patent inventions, and never yet
was known to be at a loss to effect his pur-
poses.

It was one bright Saturday in June—the ap-
pointed time of Susan's return had long elapsed,
and she was not seen in her homeward path.
The horsewhip was prepared, and the loving
parents sat "nursing their wrath to keep it
warm," for a full hour, still no Susan appeared!
A domestic sent to the school house, returned
with the tidings that she had not been there.
"The jade has run away," exclaimed the
mother; and forth the father sallied to wreak
his vengeance on something. His inquiries
were all fruitless; for so far did Yankee good-
ness of heart overcome their natural proneness
to communicativeness, that no one would tell
the truth, though half the village knew that
Blanchard's chaise had been standing at the
school house door, waiting for Susan's arrival,
and that before the alarm was given, they were
in all human probability husband and wife.

At last, one old gossip, who prided herself
upon being the first to tell the news, placed
her arms akimbo, and looking up in his face in
a most provoking air, exclaimed, "La zur, Mr.
Cromwell, what a tub of ends you are in!
Didn't you know Susan had gone to Providence
to be married?" "Gone to Providence to be
married!" shouted he. He said no more, but
slamming the door after him went to his own
house as if steam had sent him there. A large
black pitcher, from which he and his laborers
had drank beer during many a haying season,
was standing on the corner of the table. Crom-
well, in the blindness of his rage, mistook it for
his wife's favorite black cat, and exclaiming
's'cat!' he gave it a blow that shivered it to
a thousand atoms.

"What's the pitcher done?" asked the vi-
rago, surprised at such an unprovoked display
of his strength. "None of your business—it's
broke, and I'm glad of it; if it was whole, I'd
break it again. Here is a pretty spot of work—
and it all comes of your—lace wail. Susan
has gone to Providence to get married!"

"To be married," screamed his mate. "Let's
be up and arrier her."

The horse was harnessed to the chaise with
all speed; and in ten minutes they were on
their way to Rhode Island.

Mr. Blanchard had foreseen the probability
of pursuit; and had therefore made arrange-
ments that his wife should return with one of
the young men who attended as witnesses,
while the other should ride with him disguised
in her cloak and bonnet.

About half-way between here and Providence
the parties met. Old Cromwell seized the
bridegroom's horse by the head, while his en-
raged wife proceeded to use the whip about
her supposed daughter. In the meantime the
real bride and her attendants swept by, and
rode at a rapid rate, till they reached the resi-
dence of Mr. Blanchard's father.

The bridegroom's companion was a man of
powerful muscle. While he kept his two an-
tagonists occupied, Blanchard touched the whip
to his father-in-law's high mettled steed, which
pursued the road to Providence as if he had
been spurred by the evil one.

The combat was now equal, and seemed
likely to continue long; but the young men,
availing themselves of a temporary pause,
sprang to their chaise and were out of sight
in a tangent.

Few objects could be more ludicrous than
Cromwell and his wife thus left alone and ex-
hausted in the middle of the road, far from their
own home. Both looked heartily ashamed of
their defeat; and there was a moment's silence
before the termagant summoned heart enough
to speak, "Where do you suppose our horse
is?" "Gone to Providence to get married,
you old fool!" replied he, throwing his whip on
the ground with a force that made the neigh-
boring cows stop grazing.

A passing stage took up our discomforted
travellers: and Susan for many months found
a happy home in her husband's family. Mr.
Cromwell was very refractory about the eight
thousand; but he was finally compelled to pay it.

Vexation and shame have induced him to
leave the village for Kentucky; and Mr. and
Mrs. Blanchard have for several years occupied
the neat dwelling you pointed out to me.

Marrying a female for her beauty, is said to
be like eating a bird for its singing.